

TITLE
No.
1.

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FORD EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY 141

One Reel

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN
YOSEMITE VALLEY

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2. Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,
Black canons where the rapids rip and roar?
3. There is no good denying it,
If you be mountain born,
You hear the high hills calling
Like the echo of a horn;
Like the echo of a silver horn that threads the golden day,
You hear the high hills callin, and you heart goes away.
4. Have you seen God in his splendors, heard the text that Nature renders,-
You'll never hear it in the family pew,-
The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things?
Then listen to the Wild -- it's calling you.
5. If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
But the sweet look that Nature wears.
6. I'm hastening from the distant hills
With Swift and Noisy flowing,
Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,
I'm ever onward going.
7. The river hennel with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.
8. I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods are bending with a silent reach.

9. 'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
That O'er the eastern hill tops rise,
To break your long captivity.
10. I know a mountain thrilling to the stars,
Peerless and pure and pinnacled with snow;
Glimpsing the golden dawn o'er coral bars,
Flaunting the vanished sunset's garnet glow;
Proudly patrician, passionless, serene;
Virgin and vestal, -- O, a very queen!
11. Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain storms on the glacier burst.
12. I see an eagle sweep
Athwart the blue; a gleaming river bind
In gorgeous braid the valley's golden gown;
A cataract plunge o'er its distant steep,
and Flutter like a ribbon in the wind.
13. Oh, the mountain music of the Happy Isles!
There cool winds are singing,
And crystal waters flinging
Their diamond dancing laughter about the Happy Isles.
14. Here the glacier ground the stone
Here God spake and it was done
Buttress, pinnacle and wall
River, forest, waterfall
And God's right hand over all.
15. "There is no death; love paid the debt;
Tho' moons may wane and men forget,
The mountain's heart beats on for aye;
Who truly loved us cannot die."

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